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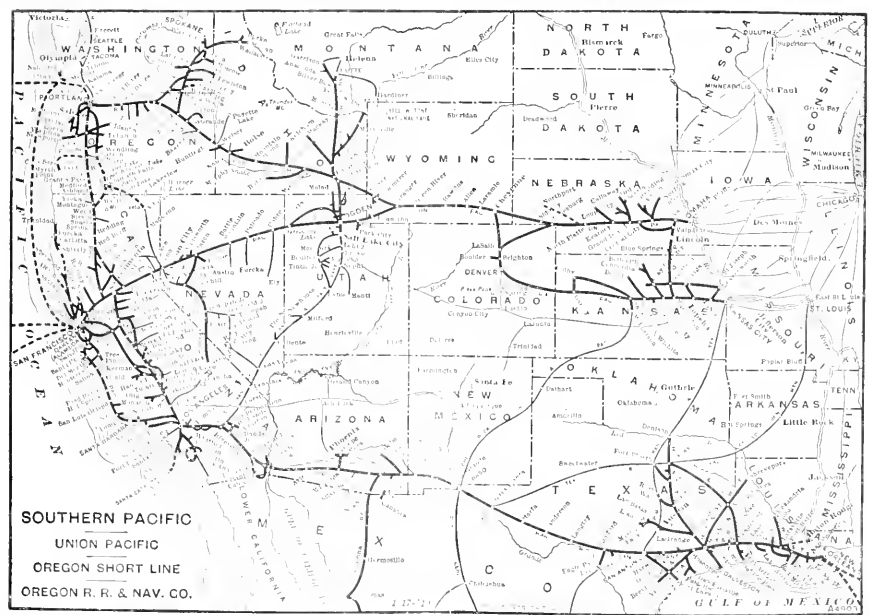
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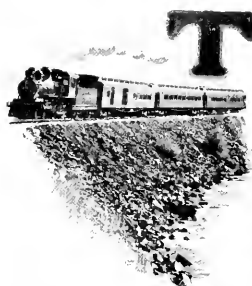
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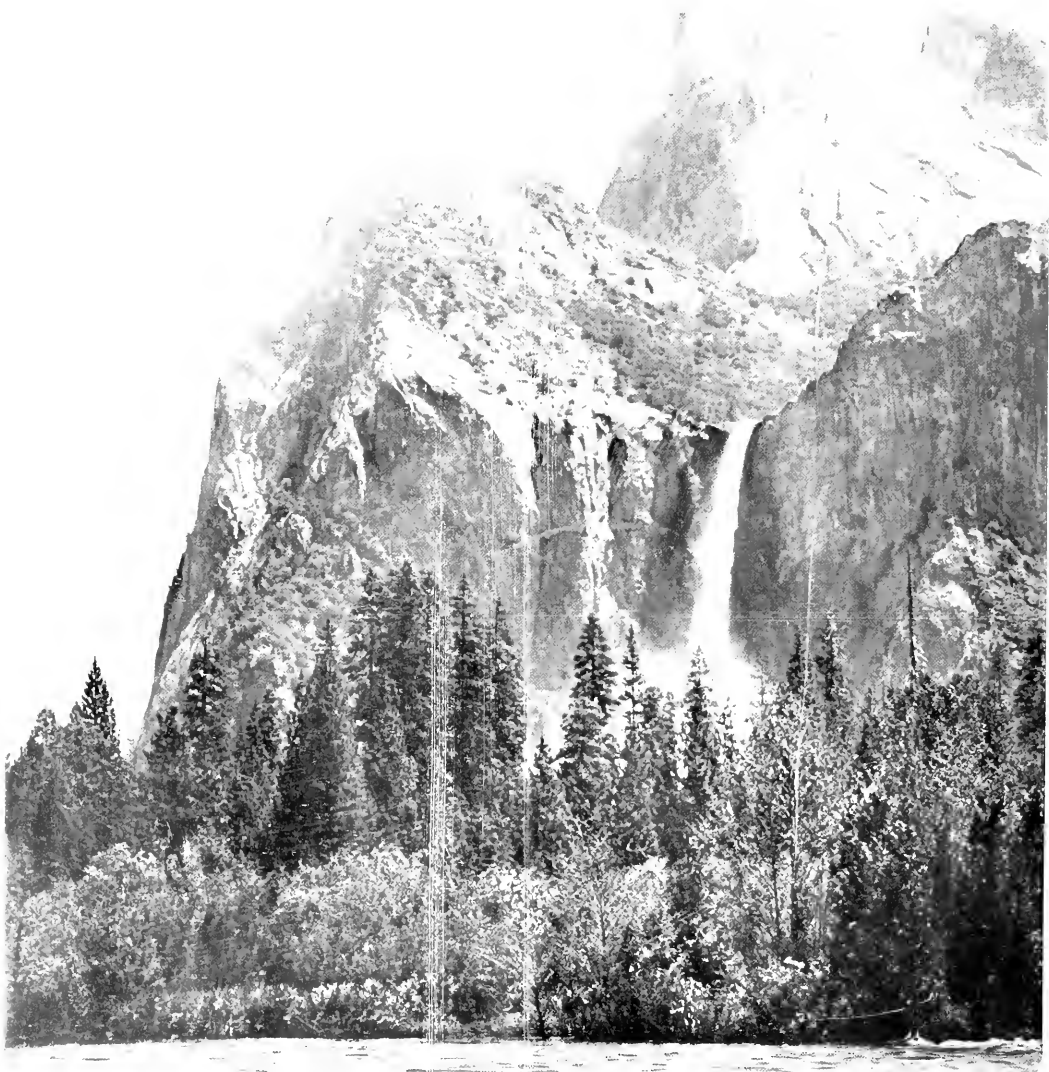


CATHEDRAL ROCKS

5 way to the brink, are Cathedral Rocks. They get their name from their resemblance to the Duomo at Florence, and each an elevation of 2,660 feet above the Valley floor, or more rising sheer and solitary for 700 feet.

Sentinel Rock faces [redacted] Brothers from the south wall, and is a splintered granite tower or spire, very slender, and about 1,500 feet below its apex is nearly perpendicular. The whole height above the river at its base is 3,039 feet.



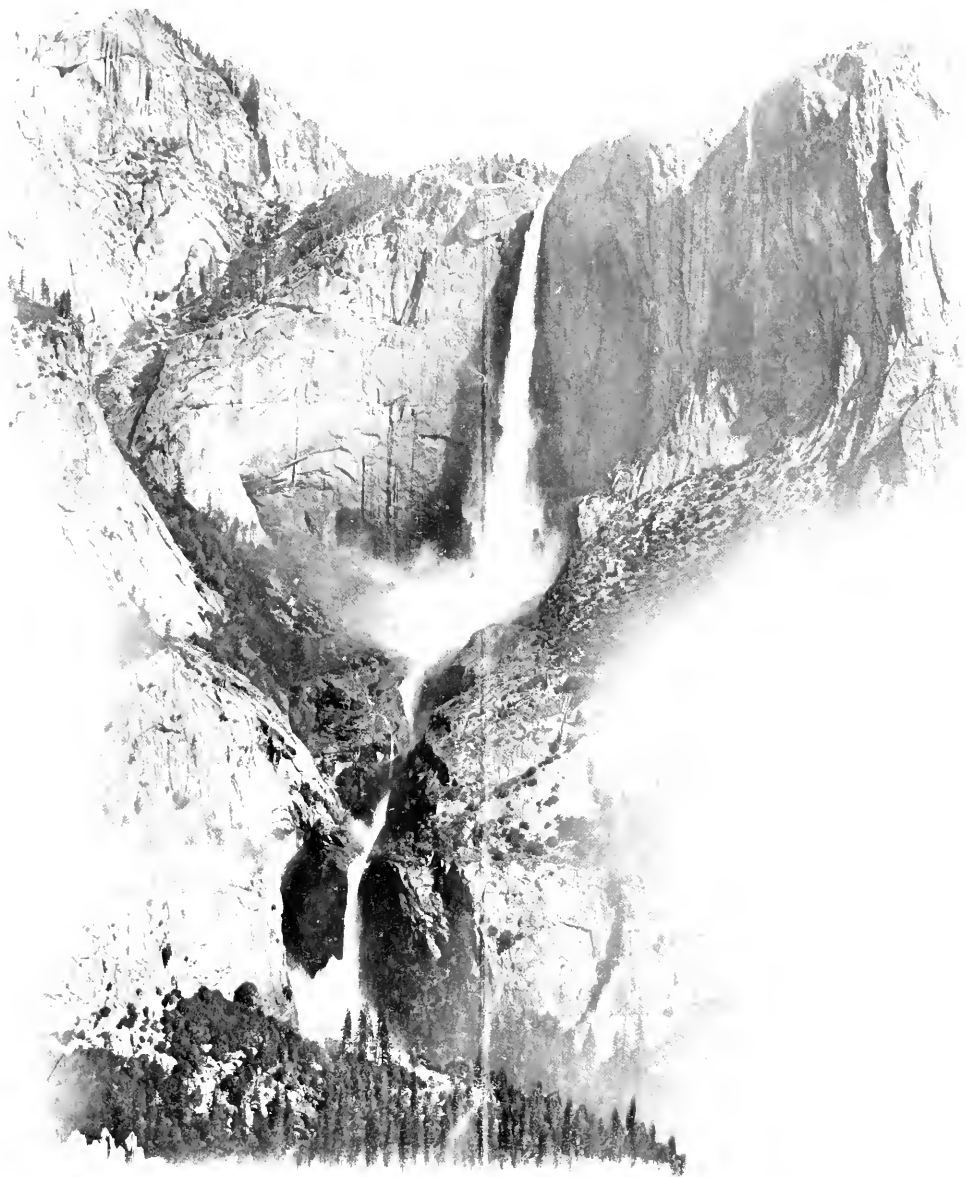




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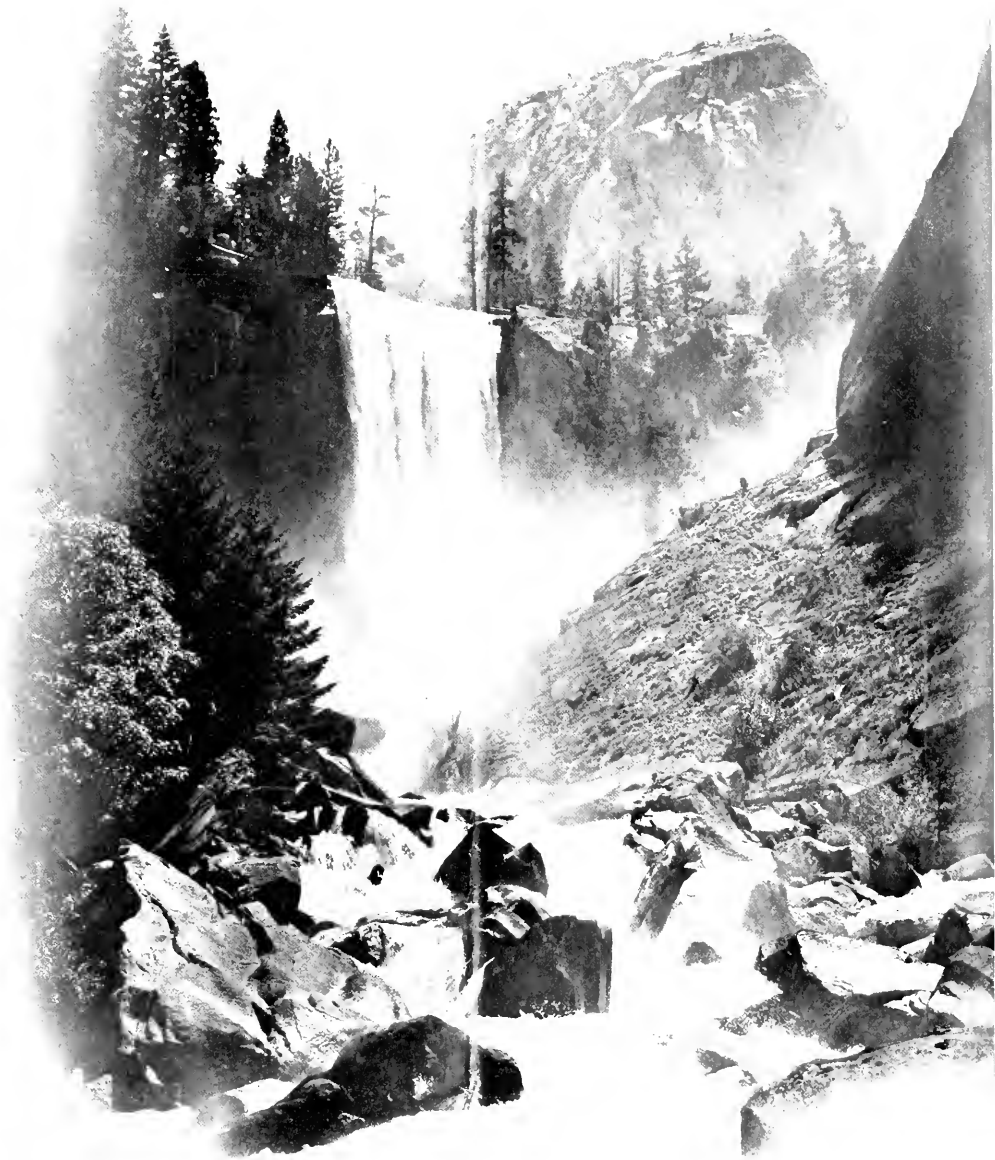
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the Yosemite Valley of California. This is the heart of the great Sierran wilderness. It is a place of many wonders, and the fishing-rooms of the valley, the great photographic, Pacific Coast papers and many other places are looking to the Sierra. The most famous of these is the Yosemite Club of California, which has been founded in the Yosemite Valley. He loved the region, and it showed him his life's work. It was in 1870, and he was then almost seventy in his life. "I never enjoyed anything else so much," yet later visits to the red-leafed trees, his busy career, and when he was seventy years old, and feeling that his life was spent, he was again in the Valley, riding about alone, "taking leave," he says, "with tears, of the splendid cliffs and glorious waterfalls as of my dearest friends." As marking the depth of his enjoyment, he visited the wondrous Valley several times after this, and at length closed his eyes and its sublimities.

The charms and pleasures of Yosemite grow upon you with each succeeding visit and there are many who, by reason of this subtle attraction, have come, almost unconsciously, to acquire what might be termed the Yosemite habit. Year by year when the outdoor longing seizes them they throw off the thrall of city life, leave behind them the burden of business, and turning their footsteps to the Sierra fastnesses which ever guard this Golden State, answer gladly to the call of the wild. Here, fishing, tramping, riding, wandering carefree along the floor of the Valley, or scaling rugged scarp and crag, resting peacefully at night under the stars, muscles grow firm and nerves steady, while hearts beat in healthful unison with deep-drawn breaths of purest air, and life is once again the joy that it is meant to be.

The mountain climber goes to stretch his muscles and test his hand and eye upon the rougher trails; the fisherman goes there to tempt the trout in the long stretches of the lower river or in the swirling rapids and cascades above; the botanist finds there a hundred specimens of the mountain flora to enrich and beautify his store; the geologist may journey here from year to year and still make new discoveries; the landscape artist finds perpetual inspiration for his brush; and the writer feels anew the impotence of words, in poem or in prose, to tell aright the story of Yosemite.

Yosemite can be visited all the year round, and each season

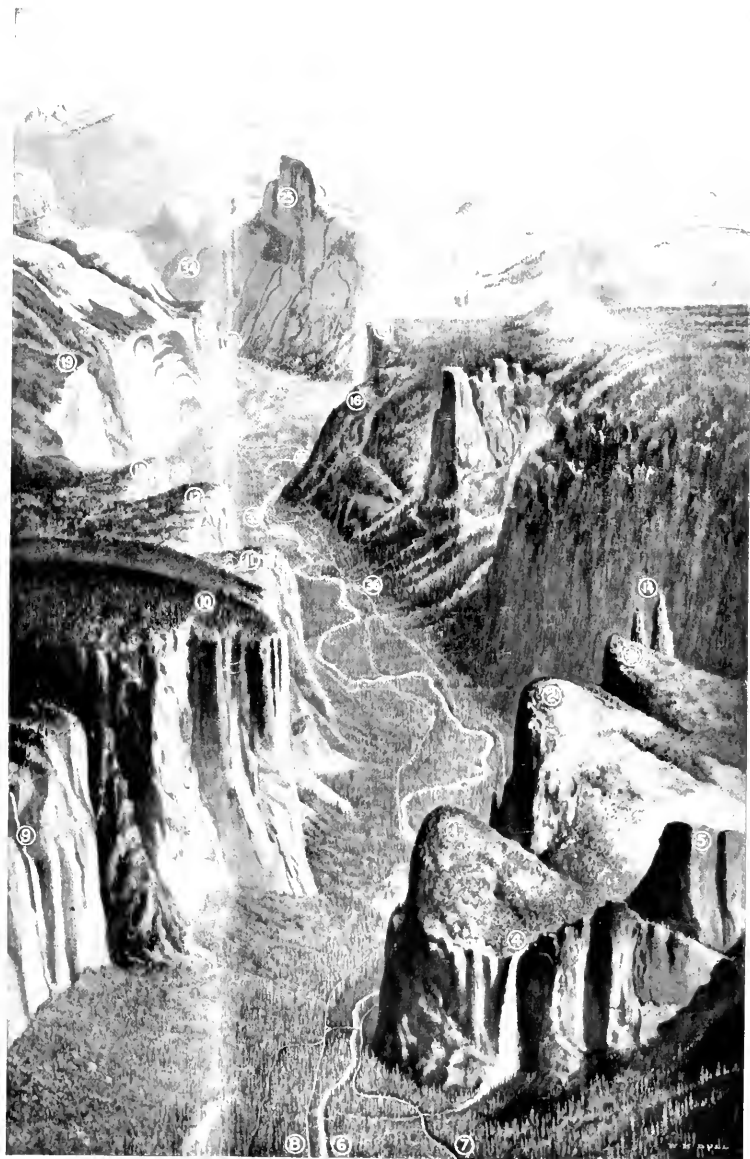
has its own special features and advantages. In the spring the melting snow turns the streams which feed the waterfalls into torrents, and the down-rushing waters in full volume; on every side are rivulets, leaping cascades and reverberating waterfalls; in the summer the highest trails are accessible, the weather is delightful and the whole atmosphere is a mellow, golden quality that at once rests and invigorates; in the autumn the air is clear, every outline and wonderful profile of rock and crag, of giant column and massive dome, stands out as though etched against the sky, the leaves are gently fading through a myriad shades of green and red and bronze—it is the artist's paradise of color; and in winter, with the Valley floor hidden beneath a snowy cover, with red snow plants thrusting their way through the white surface like tongues of flame, with every tree and plant drooping gracefully under its wintry burden, with marvelous icicles, like great stalactites, hanging from tower and pinnacle and over-arching rock, who shall say which is the best time to visit this wondrous garden of the Sierra?

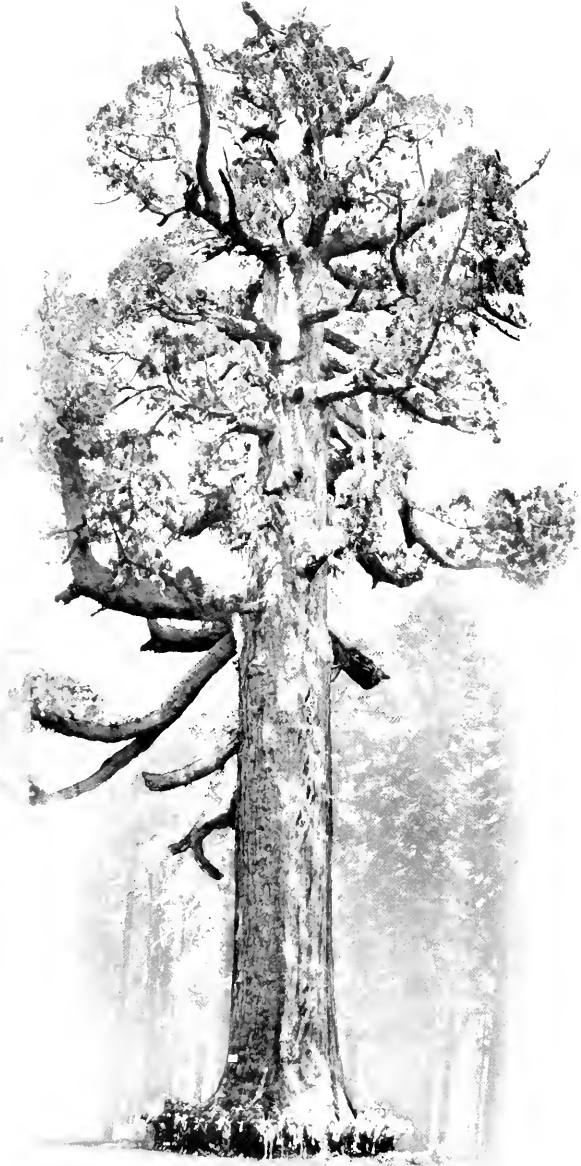
Yosemite was once literally the "happy hunting-grounds" of the Indians where they realized on earth what the "good Indian" usually only expected after death. There are not many of them left today, though the valley is still the home of a few living in the primitive fashion of their ancestors. Ah-wah-nee was the name they gave to the valley, and to themselves the tribal name of Ah-wah-nee-chees. Yosemite or Yo-sem-i-te, was the "destroyer." Thus was the grizzly bear known, and so the white men who now own Ah-wah-nee named the great falls of Yosemite, known to the Indians as Cho-look. There are several picturesque legends of the Ah-wah-nee-chees. One of them tells of the giving of the title "Yosemite" to a young chieftain of the tribe. The Ah-wah-nee-chees, says the legend, in pride of power and conquest, for they were well-nigh invincible in their fertile and rock-ribbed valley fortress, forgot their gods and the Great Spirit who first split the heart of Kay-o-pha, the Sky Mountains, and gave it to the Ah-wah-nee-chees for their home, sent a black pestilence upon the valley and nearly destroyed the tribe, so that only a few were able to flee from the haunted place, leaving behind them the ashes of the funeral fires and the echoes of funeral wailing. After the Ah-wah-nee-chees had left, the valley grew rich again in berries, acorns, fruits and fish and game, but the tribe abandoned it entirely. Some of them took refuge beyond To-Co-Yah, the North Dome, amongst the











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